A SEASIDE FLIRTATION.

Again they have met for the season—
Brave Harold and fair Leonore.
Impelled by the old cogent reason,
They stroll by the sea as of yore.
They wonder so quickly time passes
And days into fortnights expand.
Forgotten are all the old lasses—
He presses her hand.

"I trust," he speaks low, "you remember
That day by the shimmering sea—
The words that I spoke last September,
The last that you whispered to me."
"The time I recall," and she blushes;
"You spoke in a low undertone.
We stood, I believe, by the rushes,
But—the words, dear, have flown."

"No wonder"—a storm now is brewing—
"My words you now fail to recall.
A fool interrupted my wooing—
Remember? That fellow named Hall?"
She answers in a voice soft and mellow:
"And that, Mr. Brown, is not all—
The man you call 'fool' and a 'fellow'
I married last fall."
—Robert Ainsley in Chicago Rambler.

THE LOVES OF LINCOLN.

His First Sweetheart a Golden-Haired Blonde—The Lady He Married.

President Lincoln's first love was a golden-haired blonde, who had cherry lips, a clear blue eye, a neat figure, and more than ordinary intellectual ability. Her name was Anne Rutledge. She was the daughter of a tavernkeeper in Salem, Ills. Mr. Lincoln met her when he was about 23, and, after a romantic courtship, became engaged to her. She died before they could be married; and Lincoln was so much affected by her death that his biographer, Ward Lamon, says his friends pronounced him crazy for a time. He was watched carefully, and became especially violent during storms, fogs, and damp and gloomy weather. At such times he would rave, declaring, among other wild expressions, "I can never be reconciled to have the snow, rain, and storms to beat upon her grave." At this time he began to quote, it is said, the poem which is so well identified with him, beginning—

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

It is supposed that he was thinking of his first love during the times he so often repeated it. Years afterwards, when he had become famous, he was asked by an old friend as to the story of his love for Anne Rutledge, and he said, "I loved her dearly. She was a handsome girl, and would have made a good and loving wife."

Lincoln's next love was a tall, fine-looking woman, named Mary Owens, with whom he became acquainted about a year after Anne Rutlege died. Upon her rejection of him, he wrote a letter to his friend Mrs. O. H. Browning, saying that he had been inveigled into paying his addresses to Miss Owens, but on being refused he found he cared more for her than he had thought, and proposed again. In this letter he says:

"I most emphatically in this instance have made a fool of myself. I have come to the conclusion never more to think of marrying, and for this reason—that I can never be satisfied with any one who would be fool enough to have me."

Still, it was not long after this that he was engaged to Miss Mary Todd, a well-educated, rosy brunette of Lexington, Ky., who was visiting at Springfield, where Lincoln was a member of the Illinois legislature. Both Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas proposed to her. She refused Douglas and accepted Lincoln. Lincoln became suddenly ill, and it was more than a year before the marriage was consummated. It took place finally in Springfield, and the couple began their married life by boarding at the Globe hotel at $4 a week. Lincoln was 33 years old at this time, and Mary Todd was 21.—Frank G. Carpenter in Lippincott's Magazine.

Shipping Strawberries from Florida.

Strawberries from Florida me coin ice-boxes with a capacity of twenty-eight quarts. The ice chamber is in the center of the top, and the cold air from it passes down through a slit, then through small apertures into the front chamber, one on each side. Through these the cold air runs up among the strawberries, carrying with it whatever impurities may be in them up to the ice, which absorbs more or less, keeping the atmosphere purer. These ice-boxes are in freight cars, and icing is done every twelve hours. It costs about 18 cents a quart to transport them thus.—Chicago Times.

Elderly Ladies in Germany.

In England elderly ladies are often laughed at behind their backs for dressing in too youthful a manner. The Germans go the other extreme; no sooner do they marry or reach the age of 25 than they think it necessary to wear unbecoming bonnets, dark silk dresses, old-fashioned mantles, and to assume all the other signs of a lady advancing in years. —English paper.

Quick Trip Around the World.

Mr. S. S. Houghton has arrived at his home in Boston, thus completing his trip around the world, which he accomplished in five months and four days and "saw everything." This is a noteworthy voyage for speed.—Inter Ocean.

An Experiment in Dieting Soldiers.

As an experiment a company of Japanese soldiers was fed on bread and soup, with an addition of beef for supper, for one month. At the end of that time each man had lost in weight from three to seven pounds.—Chicago Herald.

Effects of Mercury on the System.

A French physiologist, who has been studying the effects of mercury on the human system, finds that it diminishes the number of red corpuscles in the blood, but at the same time increases the bodily weight of the patient.

Origin of the Blood Orange.

The blood orange is produced by grafting an orange scion into a pomegranate, and at the end of two years again grafting a scion from this growth back into an orange tree.—Chicago Herald.

White-headed robins are reported in Massachusetts.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.

How They May be Unfolded by the Greater Telescopes.

All the discoveries of ancient astronomers were, of course, effected without the aid of glasses, and Pliny, in his ninth book of the Almagest, quotes fourteen observations of Mercury, dating 200 or 300 years before our era, and still to be relied on. They had, no doubt, good eyes in those days, when everybody except the astrologers went to bed with the sun, and rose as soon as he appeared. In the tail of Ursa Major the middle star has near it a small companion styled on the celestial chart Alcor. The Arab observers knew this by the name of Saidak, which means touchstone or trial; for if a man coul d perceive that tiny point with the unassisted eye he could easily see the small stars of the Pleiades and the statellites of Jupiter.

We must, however, also remember the purity and transparency of the eastern sky, especially in dry, desert regions, where all the heavenly orbs shine with a brilliancy quite unknown to western astronomers. Copernicus, it is related, lamented in the hour of his death that he had never so much as seen the planet Mercury, which the happier Greek observers called Stilbon, the spendid shining; and one of the most promising points in connection with this great new telescope in America is that it will be perched upon a mountain peak, far above the dusts and mists of the lower world—lifted into the stainlessly dark blue atmosphere which Professor Tyndall has celebrated upon his high Alps. Accordingly, when we call to mind the considerable additions made to the heavenly science by such comparatively inferior instruments as those of Lord Rosse, Mr. Lasell and the elder Herschel, we may be full of hope that the California astronomers will astonish and delight the Old World with new discoveries, "when some new planet swims into their ken.' They can hardly be in time for the two comets of the season—the Fabrey and the Bernard, which are to be in their highest brilliancy about May 15 next, and not much farther from the earth than the trifle of 15,900,000 and 35,000,000 of miles respectively.

There are, however, unresolved nebulæ at which the great glass will no sooner be pointed than we may expect to have those distant mysteries instantly come down—like Col. Slick's coon—into galaxies of stars and systems; and outside Uranus and Neptune, the latter being distant from us 2,746,000,000 miles the new telescope may cast a glance in the border world between our farthest planet and our nearest ctar, and perhaps find a sister for the single moon of Neptune, and tell us why the four moons of Uranus—Ariel, Umpriel, Titania and Uberon—dance backward in the eternal minuet of the skies and have planes perpendicular to the elliptic of the mother body.

There are, indeed, endless points upon which astronomers seek such information as improved command of the heavens might supply, especially if the enhanced power of the telescope can be wedded to the faithful eyesight of the photographic camera. Wonderful things have been achieved of late in such a way; spaces of the midnight sky blank to the ordinary lens or mirror, have revealed to the sensitive film of the plate myriads of starry bodies. The crimson cressets on the sun's ridge have depicted themselves; his spots have registered their periodic passage, and the time approaches, apparently, when an automatic astronomer will be invented which will chronicle event of the spheres with sleepless accuracy. We want to know much more of comets, of nebulæ, and of those curious little members of our system, the planetoids, which perpetually increase in numbers with closer observation, until they have grown up during the present century to more than 250 known and named bodies. They wander as obedient to law as the very largest planet, between Mars and Jupiter, tiny islets of the sapphire ocean, small children of the cosmos, the biggest not much more than 300 miles in diameter, few of them so bulky as to be visible without a telescope.

Are these little silver bees of the system mere broken fragments of some intermediate planet, or have they been seriously created, and have they been taken up with revolution and gravitation, and all the rest of it, on their own account and for special purposes. To answer that and many another question of the kind may doubtless, in an American phrase, "lick the Lick glass;" but more and more, as astronomical conceptions expand, are they silently affecting morals, thoughts and religion. We see infinity and grasp eternity when we look forth into the starry space. The visible universe is palpably boundless, and implies an invisible universe of which it is the shadow, the symbol and the imperfect provisional expression. All faiths heretofore delived to mankind have been prescientific, built on the theory—or accepting it—that the stars were set in heaven the light this little O, the earth," round which the sun goes daily. Faith has not yet ventured to look through Galileo's "optik glass," let alone the gigantic lenses of James Lick. By and by mankind will understand, as well as hear of, larger ideas. It will be better understood why the Divine Teacher of Galilee said: "In my Father's house are many mansions," and why the wise east has always insisted upon evolution and progressive life for all which lives, before Darwin and Wallace were heard of. Astronomy and religion have yet to compare notes and to labor through the same telescope.—London Telegraph.

Pictures of the Paris Salon.

Some curious statistics of the contents of the present salon were given by one of the morning Parisian newspapers. Stating the quantity of space occupied by pictures at 14,209 yards, military subjects are supposed to take up 3,279 yards; 900 antique subjects, 3,279 yards; 500 landscapes, 2,186 yards; 300 domestic subjects, 2,186 yards; 100 portraits, 1,093 yards; 200 interiors, 1,096 yards; and divers odds and ends, 1,093 yards.

The Fig Trees of Shasta City.

As I rode in the other day a thunderstorm fell, and I got down and led my horse under the nearest porch by the roadside. The porch was half hidden with grape vines. Down the steep bank stood the largest and finest fig trees I ever saw. These fig trees, the owner told me as I stood there waiting for the rain to cease, bear three crops each season.

They lie so thick on the ground, these figs, he said, in their black, waxen honey, that they kill the grass, and you can not walk about under the trees or near them without your feet being sealed to the ground. Sell them. So I insisted. But the old man told me that he could only sell a few. He is two miles from the railroad here. And then, as you must know, the taste for figs is like the taste for opera, acquired and rare. Yes, he dries some of them, but people prefer to buy the little boxes from Syria. He told me, however, that he could make a little money out of dried figs by selling them to the Chinamen. I asked after the process practiced in curing them, and he told me he merely put them in a flour-sack, tied it tight and let them lie around till dried.

There is a fortune for Shasta City in this one single item, figs, to say nothing of the grapes, oranges, and other fruits. In New Orleans two young Jews from Bohemia started a factory for preserving figs in cans three years ago. They are now rich. And so rare and delicious are those fig preserves that I believe they have never yet been permitted to reach Chicago or New York. At least, I have often asked for them in New York in vain. I first found them in Louisville, Ky. They are eaten with cream, and are the consistency of wax. And the taste? Well!

Every washed-out and worn-out old gold mine in and about these red foothills of the Sierras can be made a garden of Eden. In fact, I am told that it is hard to keep the fig trees from taking possession of the place. And such figs! full three inches in length, some of them.—Joaquin Miller's Letter in Chicago Times.

Chinese Pirates and Their Customs.

In attacking a foreign ship a favorite weapon of the pirates is the "stink pot," more elegantly known as the "asphyxiating vase." It is an earthen pot or vase filled with a most villainous and evil-smelling compound; the vase breaks when it is thrown on the deck of a ship, and the stuff scatters about and puts in its fine work immediately. The European nose cannot endure it, but the Chinese nose is not specially disturbed. The Europeans are driven from the neighborhood of this odor-laden shell, and thus the pirates obtain their opportunity of mounting to the deck.

Two or three years ago an English steamer, lying peacefully at anchor in a bay in the Lin-Chow peninsula, was captured in this way. The pirates came alongside unsuspected; a few of them mounted to the deck and threw a stink pot "where it would do the most good," and then the rest followed, and the steamer was captured without the shedding of a single drop of blood. The fact was that the steamer was on a smuggling expedition and in a place where she had no legitimate business. As the crew had made no resistance the pirate captain was kindly disposed and permitted them to retain their heads. He gave them a small junk in exchange for the steamer and started them on their way to Hong Kong. The steamer was plundered, but not burned. Notice was sent to the Chinese authorities at Canton and a gunboat went down and took final possession. There was no attempt to pursue the pirates, as their offense was greatly mitigated by the illegal business of the steamer.—Thos. W. Knox in Cleveland Leader.

"Pedestrian Parties," a Recent Invention.

"Pedestrian parties" are another recent invention of young women looking for something novel and lively. Six or eight young people duly chaperoned will sally forth as early as 6 o'clock in the morning and walk five or six miles before breakfast. Where the fun comes in does not appear to a finite mind; nor does there appear to be any great amount of ecstasy connected with that form of social diversion known as "going 'round the road." This pastime consists of forming a party of a dozen congenial spirits, storming an unoccupied grip-car and riding a round trip. To "go 'round the road" with the greatest amount of enjoyment, I am informed that there must be moonlight and that each escort must be provided with a box of bon-bons. "Slumming" has not found any great amount of favor in Chicago; but it may be adopted. The fact that it is "just for the fun of the thing," and "only on a lark" seems to be excuse enough for any sort of folly.—Chicago Tribune.

"Chinatown" in San Francisco.

The Chinese keep as much as possible to their national food, and spend no more than they can help with the outside barbarians. Vast quantities of dried and smoked poultry and fish are annually imported, and even eggs are brought in covered with a coating of earth, which keeps them moist and fresh. Eggs so protected will, it is said, be eatable when four years old. The fish is of many kinds, but the most popular is very small, something like whitebait. A kind of squid, about eight inches long and having many arms and feelers, is also in great demand. Almost the only meat is pork, and this, as a rule, consists but of such portions of the entrails as Christians throw away. Poultry is nearly always bought alive, as the blood is used in cooking. At some shops, where half of a duck or chicken is sold, a small cupful of blood is given with each portion. Even the fish, after being cleaned, are smeared with their own blood. Probably this custom is older among the Chinese than the Mosaic law which forbade a similar use of blood by the Hebrews.—Cornhill Magazine.

The temperatures of Norfolk, Charleston, Savanah, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston bear a striking similarity this summer.

AT A CHINESE FUNERAL.

The Remains Interred Along with Roast Pig and Pullets.

The friends of Lai Poy did the proper thing by him, the other day, and gave him a nice, quiet "send-off" on his road to that exclusive realm of bliss eternal reserved for the virtuous children of the Flowery kingdom. Poy was somewhat in a hurry to undertake the trip, and accelerated things with a knife and a header into a pit. When the young men at the laundry where Lai Poy was visiting, found their friend dead with his throat cut and three gashes in his head, Wah Lee, the dead Chinaman's boss, was informed and he in turn informed the Chinese consul of the facts, and then a meeting of Lai Poy's friends was held and it was determined that poor Lai Poy should have as fine a coffin, as much roast pork, and as many fat pullets as any other Celestial who had had a fashionable burial. The 5th of July was selected as the time for taking Lai Poy to the cemetery of the Evergreens, but the programme was changed. All day long on Monday Lai Poy's body lay upon ice in a box in the stable of a Mott street undertaker. The hostlers washed carriages and groomed horses within, and young America and mature China banged packs upon packs of fire-crackers without. The master of ceremonies was Ye King, a little dried-up Chinaman, the head partner in a tea firm of Park row. At the last moment he decided that it wouldn't make any great difference to Lai Poy if he waited until the morrow. Anyway, Lai Poy had no voice in the matter.

"Him belly good Chinaman," explained old Ye King, laying down his pipe and gazing meditatively out of the grimy window. "Him come Melica six years ago, and catchee plenty money. Him plenty friends. Fire fire-crackers to-day, bury um to mollow, plenty nice."

Accordingly Lai Poy's friends dropped around to the undertaker's shop early in the morning for a last view. The dead Chinaman had been dressed in a white tunic—the mourning color—and a natty black skull-cap with the reddest of red buttons on the top. Lai Poy during life prided himself on the length, thickness and texture of his cue. The thoughtful undertaker had disposed this essential to unquestioned entry into the Chinese heaven so that its proportions and beauty might be appreciated as it lay over his bosom. The plate said that Poy was in his 32d year when he elected to die. Old Ye King was justly proud of the arrangements, for the coffin was a showy, veneered affair, and the composition handles and buttons were imposing. Sixteen mourners entered four carriages, the hearse door was snapped shut, and the procession started for the Evergreens. Some of Lai Poy's friends wore blue, others soft brown silk, one from the consul's office a pale lilac tunic, and one carriage with the nearest friends had occupants all in white. The other mourners carried a huge hamper, wherein were deposited a little roast pig all covered with icing and things, two fat pullets browned to a turn, biscuits, candies, nuts, a pot of excellent Sou Chong tea, punk, and praying papers of gilt. The friends smoked 5-cent cigars and looked grave. When the cemetery was reached the procession went to Celestial hill, the plot owned by the Chinese government, and the body of Lai Poy was deposited beside eighty-nine of his countrymen who learned all about the mysteries of the Chinese eternity at earlier periods. The little pig and fat pullets and the biscuits and things had a fair start with Lai Poy, and were buried together, while old Ye King burned punk and incinerated little three-cornered balloons of gold paper. Then they drove back to Mott street and had tea.—New York Tribune.

Formation of Fog in the Air.

It has recently been demonstrated that in a perfectly moist air no formation of a fog is possible, however much the temperature is lowered, so long as the air is absolutely free from dust, and that the more air, sufficiently moist, is charged with such foreign particles, the more intense is the formation of fog. If filtered and completely moist air in a glass ball have its pressure diminished only a few particles of fog will reveal themselves to the most careful inspection. But if a few cubic millimeters of ordinary house air be now admitted into this filtered air a very fine, silvery, transparent fog at once forms itself, of such slight density that even in the case of a considerable area of it the transparency of the atmosphere would be but very slightly affected. At the first moment of its formation if a reflected image of the sun, or the reflected light of an electric lamp, be viewed through it the image will be seen surrounded by an intensely luminous blue or greenish light. —Chicago Herald.

Emigrants Sent to South Africa.

Eighty emigrants, all abstainers, are being sent out to Kaffraria. Each of the number is to have 120 acres of land and other help, and the little band has been selected with the greatest care. If one of the most beautiful and richly gifted portions of south Africa be any aid to the success of this enterprise, the prospects of the expedition are virtually assured. Kaffraria is beyond question the most favored spot in South Africa. It abounds in wood, grass and water, and is eminently adapted to the raising of stock, as well as for agriculture.—Chicago Herald.

A Hungry Robin's Daily Food.

Professor Treadwell, of Massachusetts, has proved that a half-grown robin will daily devour more than once and a half its own weight in caterpillars and beetles. A young brood can not live on less than seventy or eighty worms a day. A single pair of sparrows will carry every week to the nest 4,300 caterpillars or beetles. —Exchange.

There are over sixty-four trestles in the twenty-one miles of railroad between Berenda, Cal., and the Yosemite valley.

Color-blindness is said to have been first reported in 1777.

EATING FRUIT IN SUMMER.

Who May Consume Fruit to the Benefit of Their General Health—A Warning.

Lightness is the first essential alike in the food and drink taken in warm weather. There is then less work to be done, less waste of tissue, less need of pre-eminently muscle-forming and heat-producing substances, meat and bread; and fruit, as being both palatable and easily obtainable, is much in use. Its advantages are that it provides a seasonable change of diet, light and wholesome if well chosen, and a palatable tonic and stimulant of digestion with aperient properties. There are few who can not enjoy it in one form or another. For diabetes, the only least desirable kinds, as certain nuts and almonds, are available, all others as containing sugar being forbidden.

Sufferers from acid dyspepsia must select carefully and limit their consumption to the least irritating—a few strawberries or a few grapes. Diarrhœa and dysentery preclude the use of all fruit. On the other hand, for constipated persons it is sometimes the only reliable remedy which they can use continuously with comfort. It is also of benefit in renal diseases by its action on the bowels. As a tonic persons generally take it well, and feel the better for its digestive property. Those in normal health may eat almost any ripe fruit. The bland varieties are the most wholesome and nutritious — strawberries, apples, pears, grapes, and gooseberries. The last named, however, with currants and and raspberries, and less wholesome than others. Stone fruits are apt to disagree with the stomach. But the more watery, as peaches and large plums, are better than the smaller and drier, as apricots and damsons. The pulp of oranges renders them heavy. Among other foreign fruits, bananas are wholesome. Dried fruits, and the skin of fruits in general, are indigestible. Nuts, the edible part of which is really the seed, contain much albumen and some fat in condensed form, and are particularly difficult of digestion.

Fruit may be taken with a meal or on an empty stomach. In the former case it promotes digestion by its gently irritating effect on the mucous membrane of the stomach and intestines. If an aperient effect be desired it had better be taken in the morning before breakfast or between meals. A succulent and pleasant acid variety is best for both purposes, while it is also a food. The quantity of fruit which should be taken depends on the kind. If it belong to the bland nutritious class, a healthy person may now and then partake of it as freely as any other wholesome food. But he will gain more benefit if he will take only a little and take it regularly. The same may be said of the invalid with whom fruit agrees.

Cooking removes much of the acidity from crude fruit and renders it lighter as well as more palatable. So treated it is productive of good and no harm. But it is a fundamental principle that whatever fruit is eaten uncooked must be fully ripe, and not over-ripe. This may sound trite, and, indeed, the principle is commonly admitted, but not, it would seem by all, for we still find people, and not a few, who will themselves deliberately take, and worse, will give to their children, green gooseberries, green apples, etc., the very hardness of which, apart from their acid pungency, suggests the unfitness for digestion. Such people use as food an acid, irritant poison, whose necessary action causes excessive intestinal secretion, with more or less of inflammation. Hence arises diarrhœa. On the other hand, fruit which is over-ripe, in which fermentation has begun, is a frequent cause of this disorder, and equally to be avoided, and perhaps also more difficult to avoid because the insidious beginning of decay is not easily recognized.

It should never be forgotten by any who incline to follow the season in their feeding, that the want of such precautions as the above may produce that dysenteric form of diarrhœa, "British cholera," which is occasionally as rapidly fatal as the more dreaded Asiatic type of that disease.—Boston Medical Journal.

The Lazzaroni Have Disappeared.

In books of travels written thirty or forty years ago one reads much of the Naples lazzaroni, who subsisted entirely on maccaroni, which they devoured in strings several yards in length, and fairly encumbered the pavements with their presence. They are said to have disappeared, and this fact is given as an evidence of the industrial progress of the city. It is possible that they have disappeared, but the number of those who can sleep as tranquilly the night through on a stone pavement as on a spring mattress still astonishes the person who knows the luxury of a comfortable bed.—Naples Letter.

King Ludwig's Favorite Beverage.

The late king of Bavaria's favorite beverage was a mixture of white wine and champagne, prepared in a bowl with a thick layer of fresh, strong-scented violets floating on the top. The violets gave a delicious perfumed flavor to the mixture, much to the king's taste, as Ludwig was so fond of scents that the air around him was generally redolent of perfume. This fancy cost him quite 10 pounds sterling.—Chicago Tribune.

What Lincoln Said to Mrs. Stowe.

When Mrs. Stowe called to see Lincoln toward the close of the war, she says she spoke of the great relief he must feel at the prospect of the early close of the war and the establishment of peace. And he said, in a sad way: "No, Mrs. Stowe, I shall never live to see peace; this war is killing me."—Henry Ward Beecher.

To Prevent Shoes from Squeaking.

The squeaking noise of shoes can be stopped by sprinkling powdered pumice stone between the soles during the process of manufacture, or by driving a dozen shoe pegs into the soles when the shoes are first to be used.—Boot and Shoe Recorder.

Forests in the Planet Mrs.

A French philosopher, M. Maurice Lespiault, who ranks high among astronomers, has lately broached the theory that the people of the planet Mars, having been put to discomfort by the want of regular rains, have undertaken the afforesting of their globe on an extensive scale. Every one is familiar with the broad bands which seam the surface of Mars, and which it has been the fashion to consider canals. In Proctor's map the name of seas has been given to these canals. One is marked Phillips sea, another Beer sea, another Tycho sea, another Schroter sea, and so on.

But M. Lespiault, who has studied Mars through telescopes more powerful than his predecessors used, concludes, first, that the mathematical regularity of the outlines of these so-called seas forbids the idea that they are natural phenomena; and he rejects as absurd the notion that the people of that planet can have constructed canals over 1,000 miles long and over fifty miles wide. He thinks it more likely that the Martians, who inhabit a much colder world than this, cut down all their standing wood for fuel, that droughts ensued, and that to obviate universal starvation the emperor or grand tycoon or president of the Martian realm compelled the people to plant lines of forest trees extending quite round their globe, and spreading from thirty to sixty miles in width. It is these forests in his notion, which we have denominated canals.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Numerous Mineral Springs in Russia.

It is not generally known that there exists in the region of the Transbaikal a multitude of mineral springs, the waters of which are said to possess many medicinal qualities salutary in the treatment of various diseases. It is to be desired that these waters were properly analyzed and made known to the world, if the scientific report upon them at all agree with the popular local belief in their efficacy.

The only points where any preparations are made for visitors are at Darasourisk and Tourkinsk. But even here the accommodation falls far short of the luxurious, and is supplied by a person who rents the two nearest springs from the government. At most of the other springs visitors are obliged to lodge in the huts of the natives. Visitors are sufficiently numerous in the summer, and have been so for many years, but they do not come from great distances, for the reputation of the waters, though well established among the people, has not yet spread to the great world. There are no doctors and few comforts. The natives use the waters, not only for themselves, but for their cattle. Thousands of sheep, oxen, and horses, suffering from cutaneous maladies, are brought to certain of these wells every spring; the custom is an immemorial one.—Chicago Times.

Biggest Book in the World.

"Just outside of London they are at work on the biggest book in the world," said a New York publisher the other day, who has recently returned from a trip to England. "It will be more than four times as large as Webster's dictionary, ane will contain something like 8,000 pages. It is to be the ideal dictionary of the English language, and will supersede all pre-existing authorities. It has long been realized by scholars that the English language is deficient in this respect. The French have two dictionaries, that of M. Litre and of the academy, that are far superior to our own. The Worterbuch of the German brothers Grimms is still more exhaustive and authoritative. Even the Portuguese dictionary, by Vieira, decidedly surpasses anything in English. But the British Philological society proposes to fill this yawning gap in our reference books. They hold that a dictionary should be an inventory of the language and that its doors should be opened to all words—good, bad, and indifferent. This new work will not be confined to definitions and cross references. The life history of each word will be fully given, with a quotation from some standard writer, showing its shade of meaning and the variations in its usage from one generation to another."—New York World.

A Queer Hospital in Austria.

Consul Hoff told about a hospital he saw in his travels, which is run on such a queer plan that I can not help repeating it. It is situated in Trieste, Austria, is built with a plain back, without an outlet, to a little narrow street, which, by some contrivance, people can enter and leave unseen. On the end of a slide is a cushioned basket. Above it is a large clock. Any one who does not want their child can take it there unseen and unknown, and place it in the basket, which immediately slides into the building, when the constant watcher looks at the same clock, which has an inside face, and registers the new guest by the time, such as April 10, 8 o'clock, 24 minutes and 3 seconds, 1886. A similar card is written and placed on the babe, which is wrapped in swaddling clothes. If the mother ever wishes to regain her child she goes there and says she wants to look at the children. They are laid before her, and she examines the cards until she gets one corresponding with the hour she left her babe. Thus she knows it is hers, and takes it free of charge. The motto above the door was: "Our parents have deserted us; Jesus is our Father."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

On a New Jersey Turtle's Back.

Mr. William H. Beard, the artist, remembers that forty odd years ago, in Ohio, the boys used to amuse themselves by cutting on the backs of stray turtles the inscription, "G. W., 1776," and then letting the reptiles go; and one of his humorous drawings depicts a solemn antiquarian in the act of examining a turtle so marked. Mr. Beard was interested the other day to learn that a distinguished brother artist had recently found in a New Jersey swamp a turtle whose back bore the same "G. W., 1776," especially as the discoverer inclined to the belief that the animal, if not a relic of the boyhood of the Father of his Country, was at least a true specimen of longevity.